sweeper; I heard only one muezzin sound the Call to Prayer—and saw no one pay heed to it. He was chanting from a cliff in the Mir's garden, and the Mir gathers round him craftsmen of every sort. There are a few shrines in the country reputed holy—including two burial places of Moses within a few hundred yards of each other on one mountain side—where a few rags on sticks flutter unconvincingly in the wind; and one, the shrine of Baba Ghundi in Chupursan, some seven days' march above Báltít, is the object of an occasional pilgrimage. On Tuesdays and Fridays there are said to be services in the House of Assembly, which has supplanted the older Shiah mosque, but I never observed one of our servants or neighbours absent himself from work to go to them.

Yet the people are by no means without faith. It is difficult to know exactly what even church-going Christians of our own country effectively believe—it is impossible to be sure what one effectively believes oneself—so I can offer only a tentative guess as to the average person's simple credo. The Hunzukuts hold, I think, a comforting, unquestioning faith in a good and kindly God, whose ways they cannot profess to understand. They meet bereavement with a murmur that "there is no remedy against the will of God"; they bury their loved ones with genuine sorrow, but without anxiety. They feel that "it is well with the child," and vaguely trust that some day, somewhere, somehow, they will meet again. They assume as axiomatic that God asks of them diligence and truth, fair-dealing and goodwill. They are hard-working and thrifty, tolerant to others; kind and affectionate in the home, gentle to children and the aged; generous beyond their means to the orphan; truthful and just; and they go about their daily work in the happy confidence that God is well pleased. If they din no perfunctory prayers into His ears, there are occasions when they heartily and humbly pray, as will presently be seen.

The Hunzukuts is no mystic, no poet, no artist. This life claims his full attention if he is to live at all; philosophic speculation about "fixed fate, freewill, fore-knowledge absolute" does not line his brow or disturb his rest, nor does he "keep in duty through the toilsome day, because of praise

HARVEST THANKSGIVING

or blame that comes at night." I may be misinterpreting his attitude of mind. These are not subjects you can thresh out as easily as the wheat, and neither his vocabulary nor mine would have sufficed to tackle them. But this I can vouch for, that every face you see looks restfully content, breaks readily into a happy smile; that there are in Hunza no nervous gestures and no haunted eyes, and in normal life no irritable words. There is little amiss with a faith which spells happiness and high-principled living without debasing fear of Hell or over-conscious hope of Heaven.

When the final crops of every kind are safely in, the first duty of the paterfamilias is to take stock of the year's yield. So much is set aside for seed-grain, and not the direst shortage will tempt him to violate the sanctity of this; so much is set aside for rent (if he is a tenant) or for the tax due on any craft he pursues—the miller pays a very small tax on his mill, the weaver on his loom-pit, the khalifa on his learning; and all pay (alas!) a sum as "Peter's pence" to their spiritual head, the Agha Khan. Next he calculates the "emergency reserve" that may be needed for hospitality or charity during the coming year; this also is scrupulously put aside unground. On the rest he and his family must live till next harvest, under the careful rationing of the senior housewife, the importance of whose rôle I have already stressed.

The period of comparative—well-earned and welcome—rest that ensues, is inaugurated by a solemn watch-night service of prayer and thanksgiving in the House of Assembly. One of our main difficulties in the early days was to get due notice of such events beforehand. Our people were slow to realize that the normal routine of their affairs could really interest us. The first news we had of this Harvest Thanksgiving Service was one late evening in October when Dádo casually said as he bade us good-night: "I'm off now to the all-night prayer." In answer to our questions he told us that the Assembly Hall and the women's annex would be packed with the entire population, and that the khalifas in rotation would keep up all night a reading of the sacred Persian books and of the Qur'an. "And shall you be able to understand all that they read?" "Oh no,

2: Lorimer T-3 (1925-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

796 of course not; but we shall hear the names of God and the Imams, and we shall pray."

Further, it appeared that while the non-stop worship went on inside the Hall, a great communal feast would be prepared outside to be enjoyed at daybreak. We sent Dádo off with our good wishes; when he was gone I raided his pantry, assembled materials for early morning tea, and set the alarm-clock. Up we hopped before dawn and made our way, rather sleepy and unwashed, down to the open space "At the Gate" of the old fort, to see whether we could without offence look on at the morning feast. As we drew near I wondered whether it was altogether wise. If you think of the fanaticism of Pathans or Arabs towards Unbelievers . . . we were still new to the country and had not sounded the depths of Hunza tolerance. Already, however, we had considerable trust in it, and this trust was not misplaced. As we were seen coming round the corner, two headmen of the clans came out to greet us, and a chorus of spontaneous, evidently gratified greeting went up from the crowd. Every inch of the open space was packed with boys and men, while women and girls crowded in the background and round every corner, but the most of them had already hurried home to get their houses ready.

796 In the centre on a large carpet was a pile of cooked beasts
262 presented by the more well-to-do—two oxen, fifteen sheep, and goats. Round this six men were crouching with a log in front of each, disjointing limbs and chopping off chunks of meat and bone with an adze. Beside the carpet were ranged ten or a dozen immense iron cauldrons, quite 3 feet 6 inches across and 2 feet deep or more. Each of these was full to the very brim of a rich porridge that looked like soft dripping. There were two kinds: one called *sherbet* (but not remotely like the sherbet of Persia) was made of flour and butter well cooked and stirred; the other, of unground wheat similarly blent with butter, was called *harisa*. The humbler families according to their means had contributed these ingredients. Some of the great cooking-pots were still standing on
796 large iron tripods over the ashes of the night's fire. Most of the audience had wooden basins in their hands, a few had

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

aluminium ones, a few had even iron buckets. Several people were busy serving, while the headmen acted as masters of the ceremonies. Every household—there are two hundred all told in Aliábád—was entitled to carry off one chunk of meat and one ladleful each of *sherbet* and *harisa* for each mouth at home.

As always in this happy place, the company was full of jokes, laughter, and good temper. There was no hustling, no jostling, no attempt by anyone to secure more than his due share. Any person who had lent one of the big cauldrons (they are costly vessels brought up from down country) was granted an extra "mouthful" as hire, and anyone who had lent a penknife for cutting up was given an extra chunk of meat impaled on it. The people who had lent the tripods were not entitled to anything extra; this apparent injustice was thus explained: "You are fond of your cooking-cauldron; you are fond of your penknife; but no one could possibly be fond of a tripod."

We moved about for some time among the crowd, greeting old acquaintances and making new ones, then the people insisted that we must sit down, cleared one of the stone sofas, dashed into the Assembly Hall and brought out a carpet and spread it for us, while one of the headmen came and sat by explaining the procedure of the festival and naming the various utensils. As the light grew David took a few photographs, but by that time most of the carcases had been hacked to bits and a large number of households, having got their share, had gone home to celebrate a sort of family Christmas dinner with it. Nor for the first time, still less for the last, I regretted my lack of enterprise in sticking to my old familiar quarter-plate camera with its lens working only to F.6.3. David with his 3.5's could get photographs in much weaker light than I.

They insisted on pressing on us a "share" for each of our servants. How can you assess, how hope to repay, the generosity of these hospitable people? Remember that hardly any house has more than *just enough* to eat for the year; yet they must share their feast with our relatively pampered retainers! We could only gratefully accept and as a poor return offer the headman some money for distribution as they thought best "to the orphans and the poor." Hunza has, of course, no charitable

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after we could still hear the dance-music going on. When 585
dusk begins to fall the bridegroom betakes himself with his train of tribal brothers to his bride's house, where feasting is resumed. When the guests can eat no more or the food is finished—which ever happens first—the bridegroom's party carry off the bride to her new home. In theory they carry her all the way, but as that may be for some miles across rough country they frankly admit that they soon set her down and let her walk herself, but carry her again when near their goal. On arrival the bridegroom's family welcome her at the door with incense and thin bread. Then the pair take hands and step over the threshold together putting their feet down simultaneously. The bride then advances to the hearth which is henceforth to be her own. She touches the hearth-stones with her fingers which she then kisses. She is then led to the seat of honour by the main pillar of the house and food is brought for her party, who presently return home. A brother or maternal uncle and a bridesmaid remain with her that first night.

Next morning the mother-in-law leads the bride to the flour bin and sets her to bake thin wheaten bread. She kneads the flour, rolls out the thin pancake, and flings it on the griddle for the waiting bridegroom to turn. If she spoils the bread he is entitled to tap her with the bread-turner; if, on the other hand, he botches the baking she is entitled to smack him with the rolling-pin.

The last public episode before the Great Cold is the 796 ●
Tumushelling, the Midnight Bonfire of the Winter Solstice, a ceremony which, so far as anyone could tell us, had never before been witnessed in Hunza by a European, and small wonder, for late December is no time for a Political Agent to be on tour nor for globe-trotters to trot. We owed our chance of seeing it to our temerity in wintering on the spot. The [805]
Hunzukuts have long since adopted the Muslim Nauroz (the vernal equinox) as their official New Year, but not improbably their earlier custom was to reckon the turn of the year from mid-winter.

We had been told that we should be awakened in the small

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

● 796 hours by the loud drumming of a warning drum; then after an interval we should hear two outbursts and soon after, three, at which point we should set out. We could not ascertain how long the intervals would be between the summonses, but Dádo promised to waken us at the sound of the first. He was so fearful of oversleeping that he lay awake all night, and with characteristic zeal brought us morning tea two hours too soon. The third drumming was not, in fact, heard till about 5 a.m. It called us out into the inkiest night I ever saw, but it was windless and not unduly cold. Thick snow clouds over the whole sky hid every suspicion of a star, so that though the great mountains all round were white with snow to within a few feet of our level there was not even a glimmer from them.

All over the hillsides we could see tiny points of light converging on the rendezvous and hear the lively chatter of men
[372] and boys from every homestead. Their torches were faggots of juniper held high on a long pole. From the polo-ground came the sound of music punctuated by unison cheers of Ha-Ha-Ha that echoed up the hill to hurry stragglers. By the time we got down there was already a goodly group of men thronging three deep round a princely bonfire, and each new party as it came flung in its torch over the heads of the crowd sending a shower of rocket sparks into the darkness of the night. Our arrival was greeted by a cheer and a lane was made for us to a stone sofa, where we speedily obliterated ourselves not to interfere with the progress of events, regretting only that our people had not thought to provide us with torches instead of the prosaic hurricane lamps which they doubtless thought more dignified.

796 The bonfire leapt, the band played, the jolly Ha-Ha-Ha
535 sounded at intervals, and still the velvet darkness was starred by points of oncoming light. As soon as a sufficient congregation had assembled, the band struck up in earnest and dancing began. In the flickering firelight the scene looked extraordinarily romantic. Prominent among the dancers were the bridegrooms of a few days ago, who thus made their re-entry into public life, clad happily once more in caps and woollen *chogas*. The dancers sprang and capered, their long sleeves

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

dangling fantastically as they waved their arms; now you saw them in inky silhouette, now full-lit by the flames; and behind the serried rows of eager laughing faces was nothing but the impenetrable blackness of the starless night.

After a short spell of ordinary dancing, more spirited and vigorous in the darkness than by day, swords and shields were brought and two men stepped into the ring. They threw their arms up into the air with sword and shield, leaped several times as high as they could with both feet together, and then staged a splendid duel: the one pursuing, the other fleeing, now this way, now that, and all the time the great curved swords flashed in the firelight and cut the air. When one fighter overtook the other, sometimes by a daring leap across the fire, they slashed and hacked till you felt sure that at any moment an ear or nose would go. When one pair was exhausted, they would suddenly fling up their weaponed arms again, turn sharply about, and bang their backs together in the oddest gesture imaginable, then lay down sword and shield and merge into the crowd as another pair stepped forward. Now and again the crowd would call by name on some favourite champions, who came forth with modest reluctance to take the challenge.

The variety of their poses and feints and gestures was astonishing; each couple improvised at will but kept in perfect time to the music. It was the best display of sword dancing I have ever seen, and the duels were more real than any I have witnessed on a stage at home: just as safe and incomparably more convincing. All the while the crowd shouted and cheered and bandied jests about, the band banged indefatigably, and every now and then in would whizz yet another blazing torch with its attendant shower of sparks.

We watched the ever-changing pageant for a couple of hours without the slightest boredom. Still there was not the faintest streak of dawn, and the pessimists were whispering anxiously: "Great Scott, we must have started too soon, the wood will never last out!" And in truth the apparently inexhaustible mound of firewood was waning fast. At last the eastern sky above the mighty mountain rampart of the Nagir side showed faintly pale. With a cry of delight willing hands flung on all

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

796 the remaining wood for a final flare up; there was one last uproarious scamper of many dancers: and all was still. Then 796 up stood a pair of men, reverent, solemn, sword in hand, and 788 recited a moving litany:

> May the New Year be blessed!
> May the seed bring forth an hundredfold!
> May every ear be filled with golden grain!
> May the mountain side be piebald with goats!
> May the pastures be piebald with sheep!
> May kid follow after kid and lamb after lamb!
> May our houses be filled with children and empty of sickness!

and to each clause the congregation fervently shouted "Yá! Yá!" as an earnest Amen.

After some time the older man who was leading began to repeat himself somewhat, and a good-humoured protest went up: "Enough, Uncle, enough!" which brought the litany to a speedy conclusion. (What a useful innovation this would be in Church and Parliament!)

Then half a dozen grey-bearded men formed a semi-circle to face the rising but still long invisible sun, and struck up a delightful solemn chant that sounded not unlike a Te Deum. In contrast to the litany which was in wholesome, rhythmic Burushaski prose, the chant was in so-called Shina, mangled by generations of Burusho singers into an almost unintelligible, though impressive anthem. David later took it down verbatim, but could only very partially reconstruct or divine the Shina original, and so far he has not been able to trace the ungarbled Shina text, which is quite possibly no longer known in its country of origin.

Then, while drum and kettledrum and pipe still played and the old men still chanted, we all moved slowly downhill in the growing daylight to "The Gate," where dancing was resumed by those who wished it, and a faint lamp burning in the Assembly Hall silently summoned the pious to morning prayer, and the ice-bound pond invited them less cordially to the preliminary ablutions. Few seemed to accept the chilly invitation.

Except myself, no woman had attended the Midnight Bon-

2; Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

fire, but the usual gaily dressed crowd were at "The Gate," just as on the recent Wedding Day. I slipped across to join the women and got a warm reception from many whom I knew and more whom I did not. Then an old crone came along, bearing a huge dish of flour and sprinkled a pinch on every woman's cap and left shoulder, saying as she did so: "Ya Ali!" All seemed pleased when I said: "Nay, mother, would you forget me?" and as she duly sprinkled me too I slipped a few pence into her hand. Then I extricated myself from the women's throng, scattering good wishes as I went, to rejoin David, whom I found similarly be-floured.

We thankfully toiled uphill home, too hot now in our midnight wrappings, and very shortly faithful Zaidu and Dádo produced a hot breakfast, after which we turned in and slept. There must be some magic in the Hunza air. You would hardly contemplate sitting out of doors to watch an open-air show at home at 7,600 feet from 5 to 8 a.m. on December 21st (or even on December 16th, for the Hunza calendar has got its Solstice slightly "fast") with the thermometer reading 22° Fahrenheit.

There was to be more dancing that p.m., but we felt we had seen enough for one day, and the headmen seemed relieved when we said we would not come. They confessed that after the bonfire people went home and made merry with their wine, and that there might be some mild rowdyism—and since they have no other drink but water, who shall blame them? Not we, dissolute bibbers of hot tea! We did not want to spoil our impression of the astounding orderliness of the night's merry-making. Though everyone was in the highest spirits and the youngsters full of excitement, the crowd's behaviour was perfect. Even when one torch flew right across the circle into the faces of half a dozen spectators, there was only a laughing stampede, and when the circle drew in too close and threatened to impede the dancing, some responsible grown-up simply snatched a brand from the fire and swept it round the front ranks, driving the children back amidst fun and laughter. Considering that there are no police in the country, and that the headmen have no authority except their

[625] personal influence, we found the lack of even minor mis-
[622] demeanours among the Hunzukuts perennially astonishing.

The Tumushelling Bonfire would seem to have originated amongst the Shins, but the Hunza Burusho, with their delight in pageantry, have lifted it and made it the central item in whatever were their own original Solstice rites. The oft-told story of the Bonfire is this: Once upon a time there lived a tyrant King of Gilgit, Shíri Badat by name, who exacted the tribute of one lamb or kid daily from his people. The custom was that each house in turn should pay the tribute. One day the turn fell to a poor old woman who possessed nothing in the world but one well-beloved pet lamb. Shíri Badat ate the lamb as usual, but remarked that it had a peculiarly delicate flavour, and asked its history. The old woman was summoned to the presence and cross-questioned. Yes, it was rather a special lamb. The ewe, its mother, had died when it was born, and the old woman had given it to her daughter-in-law to suckle; so the lamb had been reared on human milk.

This proved an unfortunate revelation, for from that day forward Shíri Badat demanded a human infant per day, and would not be gainsaid. The country groaned in misery, but the people were helpless, for Shíri Badat was no mortal man to be easily murdered; he was of Peri stock, and bore a charmed life.

Now it happened that a young prince from a neighbouring country had fled in disguise to Gilgit to escape intriguers seeking his life at home. He had taken sanctuary in the Wazir's house, and there he met Princess Nur Bakht, who was a foster-child of the Wazir's. The two young people fell in love, and when the Princess found she was with child she was filled with fear lest her baby should fall a victim to her father's unnatural appetite. So the Wazir, the Prince, and she hatched out a plot in which Nur Bakht was to play the rôle of Delilah to the cannibal Samson, Shíri Badat.

"Father," she said one day, "your subjects are full of wrath and hate because of the baby-tax you levy on them; I fear me they will find some means to slay you. Now if I knew the secret of your life I could the better protect you against harm."

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The old simpleton thereupon revealed to her that while he was invulnerable to spear or arrow, axe or sword, his heart was made of butter and he could be destroyed by fire. 773 796

The conspirators thereupon, working privily by night, dug a trench close under the walls of the King's fort and filled it with dry wood, and on a given night at a given signal every Gilgit household poured forth its menfolk armed with blazing torches which they flung into the trench with a great cry: "The enemy is upon you!" The butter-hearted tyrant ran forth and perished miserably in the circle of fierce heat, and the Prince and Princess reigned in his stead.

While Gilgit itself has long since ceased to celebrate its deliverance, the Tumushelling Bonfire in Hunza keeps aflame the memory of Shíri Badat and his heart of butter. In olden days it seems that every Hunza household let its fire die out and rekindled the hearth by a brand from the Tumushelling Fire, but this practice had lapsed before any of our informants could remember.

One winter day, after a gruelling forenoon of solid hard note-taking, DL said: "I'm just about half dead. We must take a quiet walk this afternoon. We'll go up to the Mir's Stables; we can't meet anyone up there. I positively could not talk or listen any more." 423 311

The "Mir's Stables" bear no relation to a stable as we understand it. Above the line of terraced fields that sweep round the bay of Aliábád there are 200 or 300 feet of sloping mountain side, forming rude pasture grounds: the *toqs*. Above them rise the steep sand and rock slopes that flow down from the towering crags above. A little farther down the valley from us there is a kind of shelf above the *toqs*, a small roughly level plateau, scattered thick with huge boulders, which is called the "Mir's Stables." It isn't irrigated from any channel; it lies above the highest one, which in any case has petered completely out before it gets so far; but as it is fairly flat it catches any rain or snow there is, and it gets a certain amount of snow and rain drainage from the rocks above, and so in between the boulders and rocks there are patches of coarse, natural grass and thorn bushes. This bit of ground

to have enough wool to spare for superfluities. The preciousness of boots accounts, I think, for a fact which puzzled us at first: you never see children, sporting as they are in every possible respect, sliding on the ice for fun. Boots are too valuable, and barefoot sliding would be a bit severe. Also, as David remarked, sliding and snowballing are games for such as can go home and change their clothes and get warm beside a nice big fire. These poor mites have at most one warm *choga* (and possibly a share of Father's on occasion) and a tiny fire at mealtimes only. Anyhow, they don't slide.

The bright weather of February 1st did not last, and though the cold was broken we reverted to gloomy grey weather and the ceiling of snow-cloud overhead. We knew that a week or two would bring the great festival of the Bopfau, or Barley Seed-Sowing, and we feared that it was going to take place in semi-darkness. But everyone assured us: "Oh no, it will be bright for the Bopfau." The great week drew near and we had heard no word from the Mir confirming his earlier invitation to come and stay at Kerimabad (his garden and rest-house in the park below the Fort at Báltít) for the occasion. We were beginning to fear that he had forgotten us and were wondering whether we could without offence remind him. Just as we were nearly in desperation and terribly afraid that we should wake some morning to be told that everything was over, a kind message came from him to say that he hoped we would come over on Wednesday afternoon. He himself would be away at Áltít, engaged with the preliminary ceremonies, but everything would be ready for us and we need only bring our own bedding. Now we knew that the GREAT DANCE was bound to take place on the Wednesday afternoon, and we feared that this meant that he did not specially want us at it—in which case, of course, there was nothing to be done.

We had a glorious ride over to Báltít on the Wednesday afternoon (of February 6th) in perfect weather, exactly as predicted. Various grandees had been told off to welcome us, a nice fire blazed in "our" beautifully furnished sitting-room, and the Mir's pet cook-for-European-guests, Mirza Hasan, was waiting with his best bedside manner to offer us tea. It was

then about three-thirty. We were gratefully drinking tea and thinking that after all if we were not to see the dance, there were compensations in a quiet afternoon, when Mirza Hasan came in with a most courtly grin to say that if we had finished we ought to mount at once as the Mir had sent word that all was ready and they were waiting our arrival to begin.

So we gulped the rest of our tea, leaped into the saddle again, and set off for Áltít, only a mile and a half away. As someone else has already remarked, however, mere miles in this sort of country are a misleading form of reckoning, since they all stand on their hind legs. Kerimabad and Báltít Fort are perched on the brink of a great cliff about 600 and 1,000 feet respectively above the Altít level. The ground on which they stand appears to be the ancient outpouring of the mighty ravine behind, whose glacier provides all the water for the central part of Hunza. The ground that forms the Báltít spur is not honest rock but finely powdered crumbly earth well strewn with boulders, and the zig-zag road that leads down it is not the kind of thing you would choose for a brisk canter. We scrambled down it with such reasonable caution as haste permitted, forded the torrent at the bottom—very small, of course, at this season—and made towards Áltít Fort. A fine stretch of open and (relatively) level ground lies on the landward side of the Fort, which in its turn is perched on a mighty rock cliff that falls a sheer 500 feet or more into the Hunza river, presenting a most inhospitable face to the Nagir enemy across the water. This open stretch of country explains the fact that Áltít was inhabited long before Báltít, and still remains the ceremonial centre for old-time festivals.

A lovely long polo-ground—the biggest in the Agency, except perhaps the one at Gilgit itself—flanked on both sides by a row of poplars and, of course, by low stone walls (you can no more have a polo-ground in these regions without walls than you could have a billiard table without cushions), leads towards the Fort. Even from the landward side the Fort rises up most impressively from the great rock on which it is built, and the village huddles round it close and tight. We skirted the polo-ground by a narrow path with high field walls rising

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644 796 on our left and passed the field in which to-morrow the Bopfau ceremonies were to take place. As we drew near, the various princes and princelings came out courteously to welcome us, the less important ones, of course, coming farthest, then the grandsons in reverse age-order, and lastly Ghazan Khán himself, the heir and "Prince of Wales." Just outside the Fort there is a fine pond outlined with poplars, the main "road" (say 4 feet wide) on the left of it. The hall-doors of the houses open straight on to this track, their front-door steps being tree trunks with notches cut in them in which the foot is planted sideways as you mount.

644 351 796 Prince Ghazan Khan led us through a narrow alley between the town houses to where the Mir himself was standing to greet us. As always he made us feel more than welcome, and took us to a nicely carpeted balcony where chairs stood ready. The balcony was only a few feet above the courtyard, and we had a perfect view. You must try to imagine a "courtyard," with no straight walls or edges, shut in by irregular tiers of houses piled on top of each other, mounting the rock to the towering Fort above, their flat roofs and roofed balconies all projecting higgledy-piggledy as the haphazard contours of the rock dictate. Every roof and point of vantage was packed with people till, as usual, you felt sure the beams were bound to crash. Everybody was in their gayest and brightest dress, and every single face just radiant. There never was a people anywhere with such a gift for looking happy as the Hunzukuts.

796 535 [533] In the courtyard the musicians squatted at the base of the walls: three pipers, three men with pairs of kettledrums, and three big drummers, all of them clowning and play-acting vigorously as they played. Dancing of the more or less ordinary type was going on, varied by the singing of songs—all unfortunately in Shina, not Burushaski. The Hunza people say they have no songs of their own. DL conscientiously recorded the words of these songs later, but as in the case of the Tumushelling chant it is doubtful whether after centuries of being mangled they will yield any intelligent meaning.

Presently the GREAT DANCE came on. The most glorious

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920–4; 1934–8) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

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piece of dancing either of us has seen. Oh, for a Philip Thornton to record the music and interpret the movements! It consisted of twelve acts with twelve separate tunes, through all of which, however, the same *time* was preserved (the only thing about a tune which I am competent to recognize!). The light was too weak for my 6.3 lens, so I had to leave all thought of photography to David, and in compensation I concentrated as best I could on memorizing the various figures of the dance. It wasn't possible to make courteous conversation to our hospitable hosts and at the same time overtly take notes, and when I set myself to write down the detail immediately on our return to Kerimabad I found to my disgust that I could reconstruct only ten out of the twelve acts.

The eight pairs of dancers, all old or middle-aged men, dressed in gay shirts, homespun *chogas*, and long soft native boots, each clutched a bright strip of barbaric-looking Bukhara silk thrown behind his shoulders (over the right and under the left arm), a foot or so of the silk dangling out beyond his hands. The figures of the dance were very varied; some of the most interesting and striking were these: The dancers formed a circle, doing a dignified slow polka on their flat feet three times round, then faced inwards and danced towards the centre with their arms stiffly stretched out in front. When they had nearly met they all flung their arms suddenly over the heads with a well-synchronized shout of Ha-Ha-Ha! Then all bent slowly forward and dabbled the ends of their scarves on the ground as if dipping them in water.

Again they all circulated, waving their arms and scarf-tails gracefully, then sat down on the ground with legs stiffly out in front pointing to the centre. Then they leaned forward and again dabbled the scarf-ends on the ground beyond their toes. Then they leaned back almost to the point of losing their balance and flung their arms up with the same shout. Next they leaned slowly back till they lay flat on the ground and rolling from side to side they gently flogged the shoulder of first one and then the other neighbour with their silken scarves.

Throughout a couple of other figures the dancers crouched

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

796 535 on their hunkers and waved their arms and leapt frog-like along.

A very quaint and effective act consisted of the dancers turning back to back in pairs, each leaning heavily against his partner, and dancing with all his weight on his heels. They danced round the circle three times like this (it must be particularly difficult for the ones who have to dance backwards). All were raising and flourishing their arms alternately and making great byplay with the outward-facing dancer of the other pair. The semi-final act had no small resemblance to our Sir Roger de Coverley. The circle halted facing inwards and the two leaders of the teams of eight signalled across and danced to meet each other, overshooting and passing back to back. As they passed, they halted a second, leaned heavily back against each other's shoulders and raised first one hand, then the other with their waving scarves, and each then flourished off to take the other's place. When all eight pairs had similarly changed places the dance was at an end.

The team work was admirable throughout. There was not at any point the slightest hitch, such as invariably wrecks amateur lancers or quadrilles at home. I could not extract from my adjacent prince any information as to the length of time they had spent rehearsing; he implied that they just "remembered" from one year to the next; but such faultless co-operation must have followed very strenuous rehearsal both of dancers and musicians.

Seeing so many of the dancers very elderly, I asked the Mir was there no fear that the skill and knowledge of the dance would die out. He assured me that every year a couple of younger men are drafted into the team so that the tradition may not be lost. The dance, in very much its present form, has been performed uninterruptedly for six hundred or seven hundred years, and probably immeasurably longer.

789 796 535 It seems likely that it originated in some imitative-magic rites designed to benefit the crops: dabbling the ground may be preparing it for seed: the cry with high-flung arms may be intended to encourage the growing ears to tower to heaven: the crouching springs may imitate the springing of the shoots:

the flogging may portray the threshing and the back to back scene with waving arms might well represent the winnowing. None of the present-day Hunzukuts attach the slightest magical value to these things, and it is hard to believe that they themselves at any period ever did so, for a less superstitious people can never have existed. But they love dancing and music and *tamashas*, they love any pretext for holiday-making and dressing up, and they may well have borrowed the Bopfau Dance, minus its magic implications, from some people amongst whom the magic was still believed to be potent.

The wise Mir fully realized the psychological value of periodic festivals, and though the keeping up of all the ancient ceremonial often imposed a good deal of hard work and fatigue on himself, he devoted thought and care to preserving the old traditions and preventing the ceremonial's being curtailed or scamped.

When the dance was ended the performers turned and all saluted the Mir; then one by one they came forward and took his left foot in their two hands and stooped over it with the gesture of kissing and then faded out backwards.

The next item on the programme, the Seed Sowing itself, was scheduled for noon on the following day (Thursday, February 7th). We determined to ride down to Altít bright and early, partly to avoid crowds in narrow tracks, and partly hoping for photographs in the new-found daylight. We overshot the Fort and scrambled out on to the edge of the river cliff—not without some risk to our necks—in attempts to get good pictures of Altít Fort in profile.

There is a nice little old mosque not far from the Fort where chairs had most thoughtfully been placed in case we should like to rest a while before the show began. We presently installed ourselves here to watch the crowds pouring in from miles and miles away; people on foot streamed across the countryside, all very gay and merry, and as much interested in us as we in them. When a group of horsemen arrived, men of consequence from distant villages, they did not ride straight in, but halted at the end of the polo-ground till they were observed from the Fort; then the band struck up a wild tune

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

796 and the party galloped hell for leather down the field, providing a fine spectacle for the pedestrian crowds.

As noon drew on we went along towards the pond and took our stand where DL thought his prospects of cine-photography were best. It was his first serious attempt to use his cine-camera, and everything seemed unpropitious. The only point of view from which it was possible to command the path of the procession faced straight into the eye of the sun while the path itself was in heavy shade. I posted myself as well as I could to try to shade his lens, and as a matter of fact the film has not turned out too badly. We were both so much preoccupied throughout the day with the unwonted problems of the cine, and the endeavour not to appear rude or ungrateful, that I realized too late that I had entirely forgotten to take ordinary snapshots of separate figures, etc., as I should normally have done. It is particularly disappointing for the chance was unique, and there would have been ample opportunity if I had not let my wits go wool-gathering.

Noontide came; music was heard inside the Fort, and out came the band in necessary single file carrying on their usual byplay with vigour and evident enjoyment. Next followed "The Great" (viz. headmen, officials, and the like) in single file on foot, but carrying "horses" in their hands. The horses were wands made of a few dark red willow twigs, bent over in a circle at the top not unlike one of the toys a bishop has to play with. A striking personage was a man bearing two huge loaves of barley bread on his back. They were about the size
[262] of millstones and looked about equally digestible. Next came a sturdy fellow bearing shoulder high an ancient iron platter hung with chains, on which was piled a white cone called the *chopan*, crowned with a pear and a bunch of maidenhair. The *chopan* is concocted of several favourite Hunza foods, *maltash*, of course, a mulberry preserve called *bing*, and other ingredients kneaded together and coated thick with flour. This dish was escorted by a man drowned from head to foot in flour, whose face was like an over-pierrotted pierrot; lastly came a man carrying a dish of burning incense.

Next appeared a lot of men bearing white and red pennants

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Next appeared a lot of men bearing white and red pennants and one carrying the Hunza standard (rather a new invention this, I fancy). The standard is a large triangle of white with two pairs of horizontal red stripes, an open hand in red, and a bow and arrow in green: a handsome and effective national flag.

After the standards came the men of the Royal Family, including Hari Tam of three or four (but not the new baby), the younger members leading the way, and lastly Sir Muhammad Nazím Khán himself, mounted on his snow-white Badakhshani stallion. The horse wore a scarlet saddle-cloth heavily embroidered in gold, and from a broad gold collar round its neck there dangled a large "feather brush" of pure white yak's hair. The Mir, looking as always every inch a king, was robed in bright green velvet cloak with massive padded gold embroidery. He had on a fine silk turban of pale blue. All the people entitled to a place in the procession, from the Mir downwards, were wearing bunches of large-leafed maidenhair in their caps. Gathering this fern, which as far as we could learn grows only in one spot in Hunza near Altít, and collecting the willows for the "horses" provide exciting tasks for the boys for a day or two preceding the feast, while women of the Diramiting clan are busy baking the barley mill-stones and compounding the *chopan*.

Before the procession ultimately emerges many elaborate traditional ceremonies take place in the ancient rooms of the Fort, which is still used for these occasions though no longer inhabited. The detail and significance of these ceremonies (which we were not invited to witness) were fully investigated by DL and I shall not here anticipate his account of them.

The procession passed along the narrow track till it reached the Bopfau field, 6 feet or so above the path and supported by the usual revetting wall. The younger and more active scaled the wall, but for the Mir himself a ladder had been placed at an angle of 45 degrees, bridging the water-channel at the base of the wall, and I followed the royal lead up the ladder. The Mir then took his seat on a chair beneath which a carpet had been spread (chair and carpet being doubtless modern

796 innovations). Chairs had been set for us also and the crowd formed a circle round. A large skin sack was then brought containing sections of a roasted ox. These were emptied out on to a skin tablecloth on the ground, while hundreds of thin bread pancakes were spread on another skin. The Master of the Ceremonies, a fine old man with a white beard dyed orange, took an adze and hacked the joints of meat into neat little chunks. A dish of bread and meat was brought to the Mir to handsel, and he duly tasted a little of each.

A piece of meat was then folded into several flaps of bread and the name of a village was called out. The little parcel was promptly passed back over the heads of the crowd to the authorized representative of that village who was present to receive it. A portion of the royal food was thus distributed to every village in Hunza. Bundles of new arrows and bundles of arrow heads wrapped in red handkerchiefs were then emptied at the Mir's feet. These he distributed to all the people about to take part in the archery.

796 The stage was now set for the essential part of the Bopfau
789 ceremony. The Mir and Royal Princes stood up and formed a semi-circle facing east, holding their joined hands out cup-wise in front of them. A small bag of seed-grain had been brought adorned at the mouth with a bunch of maidenhair. From this, grain was poured into their hands, and on top of the Mir's handful was placed a microscopic bag made from the skin of a sheep's heart and filled with gold dust. The officiating greybeard intoned a prayer of blessing, and at a given signal the Mir and Princes flung the grain back over their heads and the people crowded in to catch it in their hands. Those lucky enough to secure any, promptly rubbed it between their palms and ate it. He was doubly lucky who secured the bag of gold, but we heard that he was expected to distribute it in alms, so the concrete advantage was slight.

796 The grain-throwing was three times repeated, and we all
241 moved off to another part of the field, where a little heap of manure had been spread out. Two yoked oxen were now driven forward drawing an old-style plough (rather perfunctorily attached for it came adrift and had to be readjusted).

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Then the Mir, still wearing his royal robes, ploughed three parallel furrows and formally initiated the Barley Sowing of the year. In theory no true Hunzukuts will sow his barley till this ceremony has been performed, but we were told that in fact anyone who is ready earlier and thinks the time is ripe has not the slightest hesitation in going ahead with the good work. Never was a people so admirably full of common sense!

The Bopfau field was now deserted for the polo-ground; the crowd helter-skeltered down the wall, bringing the stones down on their heels in clouds of dust: the one and only time when I saw Hunza folk knock even one stone from its place without halting to replace it. We descended by the ladder with greater dignity and proceeded to the raised dais reserved for "The Great" on such occasions. Directly opposite the Grand Stand at the farther side of the ground was a little pile of earth about 2 feet high, and piled as steep as it would stand, on the side of which was fixed a target of brittle wood covered with a thin plaque of beaten silver. The mark was about 2 inches by 2½, and much the shape of an egg in profile.

Before the archery began all the Mir's horses in fine trappings were galloped down the field—the band thumping and piping as they came. Then the archers rode by carrying their immense bows of spliced wood faced with plates of ibex horn and strung with plaited leather. There were about thirty of them, including Prince Shah Khan ("Little Lord Fauntleroy") on a small pony with a full-sized bow nearly as long as himself. From the far end of the ground they came hurtling along one by one, coaxing their horses into a steadier gallop as they neared the mark, then flinging down the reins and firing as they passed. Some arrows flew a bit wide, but by far the greater number buried themselves to the feathers in the little earthen mound. A few horses sheered off, not permitting their riders to take a shot, and one fine animal, seeing the mound stuck as full of arrows as it could hold, decided that the game was a steeplechase and cleared the mound in a magnificent leap, evoking much laughter. One man, a very William Tell, split the target through the very centre to thunderous applause.

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● 796 526 Lord Fauntleroy came along riding full gallop as if born in the saddle and got his arrow well into the mound of earth, to his father's justifiable delight: "the boy is only learning," he modestly explained.

There were three courses of archery, at each of which the mark was won. The archer who strikes the target is entitled to pocket it for his reward, but on the two last occasions it was only grazed; I suppose that William Tell was debarred from further competition. If the targets had not been hit they would have fallen as perquisites to the bandsmen. After the archery there was going to be polo, but the Mir thoughtfully suggested that this was a thing of which we had seen enough for life, and perhaps we should like to ride home before the crush. It was by now two o'clock, and we had had nothing to eat since a very early breakfast, so we gratefully made our adieux. DL was fairly weary: there are few things more exhausting than wielding a 16 mm. cine-camera in adverse circumstances at eye-level.

000 We scrambled up the crumbling cliffs to Kerimabad again and found that the invaluable Mirza Hasan was awaiting us with a welcome spread of tea and cakes. He had observed us zig-zagging up the hill. You can't, of course, easily arrive anywhere in Hunza unobserved if you come by the one and only road. Dádo got busy packing up our kit, and we made ready to start back on the road to Aliábád. Before we left, the Mir himself returned, and we were able to thank him once again, and congratulate him on his royal weather. He was delighted that we had taken the whole affair so seriously and done our best to put its main features on record; as far as he can grasp what DL's work is all about, he feels proud and happy that Hunza customs are considered of so much interest and importance. He said he thought he remembered one British officer having attended the Bopfau many, many years ago, but he could not recall the name, and we have not been able to trace any record left by this predecessor. It would be extremely interesting to have an earlier account of it all.

The two glorious days of Bopfau weather were almost a miracle: a very suitable miracle for a Chief traditionally

000 the generous givers. How petty a return was a small cash gift to the child who brought them!

245 At last, as March drew to its close, the apricot buds were reddening and swelling, and the most glorious season of the year from the scenic point of view was at hand. No one who has not seen Hunza, its fields carpeted with new green, its orchards clothed with blossom and the snow mountains towering behind, can form even a feeble picture of its loveliness. The sad thing was that we were going to have to forgo the sight.

006 The next door valley of Yasin is the home of the only extant dialect of Burushaski, and if our work on the language was to be at all complete we must go and spend some weeks there, making a study, however sketchy, of "Werchikwár." Many reasons made it advisable to devote April and May to the job, of which one was that we should thus pass through Gilgit while the annual Jalsa was on. Every year all the Chiefs and Governors of the Agency gather in Gilgit for a kind of Chiefs' Conference *cum* Ascot week, over which the Political Agent presides, and since Major Kirkbride had hospitably invited us, this would give DL an opportunity of meeting old friends of his official days whom he could not hope to visit in their own provinces.

When I say "next door valley" I refer to the geographical position of Yasin on the map. The great ranges that intervene between Hunza and the Yasin valleys are, however, impassable even for goats, and in order to reach Yasin—only some fifty miles distant as the crow flies, if any crows do fly over—we should be obliged to travel down the Hunza river to Gilgit (a four days' march at our modest pace) and five days' up the Gilgit river to our goal. With much reluctance we prepared to mobilize and bid Hunza a temporary farewell.

796 First, however, there were the celebrations of Nauroz to see, which, owing to the unexplained originalities of the Hunza calendar, fell some ten days before the correct date of the Spring Equinox. Again, as for the Bopfau, the Mir worked magic on the weather, and after several cloudy, gloomy days

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

the New Year ushered itself in with glorious sunshine and bright skies.

Thanks to the good offices of the invaluable and versatile Mirza Hasan, we had secured two excellent ponies for the Yasin trip, and we decided to try them for the first time on this New Year ride to Báltít. DL's was a handsome brown, guaranteed to be up to his weight, which though not considerable was nevertheless somewhat greater than that of the average Hunza rider. It was accompanied by the owner, Haiyáto of Hasanabad, one of the cheeriest-faced men I have ever laid eyes on. My white one, known as Busho (the cat), was escorted by a willing and obliging lad whose actual name I have forgotten since the temptation to christen him Ernest was immediate and irresistible, so obviously full was he of the importance of being earnest. It was a great delight to feel a real horse, in contrast to a "tat," between our knees again, and we set off in high spirits for Báltít. Instead of making for Kerimabad, the Mir's hospitable gardens and European rest-houses, we mounted direct to the old Fort, which is perched on the perilous-looking brink of a great ravine with a magnificent view up and down the Hunza valley. Steep though the road is, our new mounts pluckily carried us up to the very gate. Dismounting here a rough spiral ramp led us to the "basement" of the Fort, which rises four storeys high. You enter a dark sort of hall with a square hole in the roof through which leads a rude wooden stair whose banisters are just plain poplar poles polished white by centuries of use. This lands you on an open lobby without parapet or railing, when another wooden stair (minus banister) conducts you to an open balcony, that serves as a spacious ceremonial reception-room. A low wall, not over 2 feet high, does nothing to impede the view—one of the finest views that any palace of kings can boast. At the back of this balcony is a handsomely carved pavilion under which stands a roomy "throne" covered with a purple velvet, gold-embroidered cloth. For the moment we were conducted further into a magnificent sitting-room with a fine bow window offering not only the distant scene but a more immediately amusing view of the flat roofs of the

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in Hunza affect seclusion except the immediate royal family. 644
In addition to Qudrat's mother, a delightfully gracious woman, and his pretty young wife, we met Dádo's wife—also very pretty, but a shade more embarrassed. The families are in some way inter-related. We got some photos here, the outdoor setting being more favourable, but dare not linger lest the Mir should be waiting for us.

We had only just got planted on the grand stand by the polo- 796
ground when we saw his procession winding down the hill, 643
the bodyguard in smart uniforms carrying the standard and the Mir with a white satin, gold-embroidered robe over his khaki, mounted on the Badakhshani stallion with the same handsome trappings as at the Bopfau. When he had taken his seat, up rushed a huge deputation from one village after another, shouting the equivalent of "O King, live for ever! May your New Year be blessed!" It was rather impressive. There was no mistaking the genuine affection and loyalty in voice and gesture.

After this followed the usual polo, archery, and dancing. Lord Fauntleroy again made excellent showing with his bow and arrow, and the youngest son of Ghazan Khan actually hit the mark, to his grandfather's pride and pleasure. The elder royal grandsons were not present; they were down in Gilgit doing their Scouts' training. We left about four, but the Mir settled down to see the daylight out at the sports and to preside at another bigger feed to The Great of the land. He was an amazing man for nearly seventy, and apparently entered into these shows with as much zest as the people themselves.

4: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4: 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

No. XIII.

The Story of Pūno and Shīri Berai Baghertham.

There is a custom in Hunza from ancient times. In the month of Dalv on the fifteenth (day of the month) they carry out the Bopfau. There is a large wooden bowl (which has come down) from olden days. There is also one like it in Yasīn. They say that these bowls have been in existence from the time of Alexander the Great.

Now when the Bopfau has to be performed, the man who has precedence among the Dirāmiting takes the bowl and carries it from Bāltīt to Altīt. Again, when the Bopfau has been completed, he takes it and brings it to Bāltīt.

In former times there was one, Pūno by name, the son of Gerīb, and he took the bowl and carried it to Altīt for the Bopfau. The meat and the bread which were left over after the Bopfau he used to bring back in the bowl to Bāltīt to his own home. Then when he had drunk wine and become intoxicated he used to present himself to the Tham. Returning to his home he used to say to his family: "There are bread and meat in the bowl. Handsel them." When (however) his wife and sons uncovered the bowl and looked there was nothing in it. They said to Pūno: "You are out of your

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16 *thamo* — plural of respect.

11 *jamavatər* — here obviously includes the other members of his family besides his wife.

se.ibam — being in the Imperf. implies that the following little drama was of yearly occurrence, though it is narrated in the Past Definite.

4: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

twenty years Shīri Berai Baghertham remained in Pūno's house, but he did not become attached to it.

One day Pūno had gone for firewood and Shīri Berai Baghertham coming into the house said: "Mother, Mother." "Yes," said Pūno's wife. "Give me my leg-wrappers and stick. Father has not come back; he is late. I shall go to meet him and take his load from him." (Now) Pūno had charged his wife, saying, "Perhaps Shīri Berai Baghertham will ask for his leg-wrappers and stick. Don't give them to him." (But) losing her head she took them out of the box and gave them to him.

Putting on the leg-wrappers and taking his stick Shīri Berai Baghertham climbed up the mountain. Meanwhile Pūno came in at the door of the house bringing the wood. Shīri Berai Baghertham was not there, he had got up on to the mountain. He made off, saying: "Good-bye, Mother and Father." Pūno, shouting: "Heigh, son!" gave chase to him. Shīri Berai Baghertham said to him: "What is left over be your portion, what I have eaten be mine. You just stay where you are, Father." While he said this he ran on, and Pūno pursuing after him would not let him go. Getting further and further away Shīri Berai Baghertham, they say, crossed over the Khu. Pūno, turning back, came again to his home.

Then after Shīri Berai Baghertham had left Pūno's house, Pūno, they say, became indigent.

Pūno was of the Diramiting tribe. At the present day too one of his descendants goes with the Bopfau bowl from Bāltit to Āltit. His name is Heri Sing. They make him carry the seed that is to be scattered at the Bopfau from the Tham's palace and bring him along in front of the Tham to the Mamutsa field.

That is all; The story is on this wise.

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22 *pfau stas bo* — 'the seed that is to be thrown up', or 'scattered' by the Mir.
Tham yor ne . . . dilam — I am not sure of the meaning of this. *yor ne* may, I think, mean: 'forwards', 'ahead', 'in front' or 'putting him in front', 'making him go ahead' *Tham* may be accusative, or it may be genitive or general oblique (the *-e* being lost before the following *y*). It is said that they whiten the man's face on the occasion with flour.
Mamutsa — probably the gen. of a nom. *Mamuts*.

jurʿʌm why won't (shouldn't?) I come to a king? I will come. 74.20. 000

turm, however, can not be a truly interrogative particle; if it were, the verb would not also take the interrogative suffix -*a*. It appears to be an expression of affected surprise.

turm stʌs to run the point of one's finger forwards over the surface of a drum so as to produce a noise.

tomʿʌq IUB. *tomʿʌk* N, *-ots* v. *tobaq*.

tumɔr, *tumɔr*, *-iŋ* y amulet, talisman, H. *taʿwiz*. — *zafɔranɨ tumɔr* a saffron amulet. Cp. 356.2. (Cp. Sh. *tumʿɔr*, amulet).

tumʌy sg. & pl., d.pl. *-ints* x Hz. & N. shell of nut or fruit-stone that contains the kernel. — *ʧiliʌ tumʌy* walnut shell. *kʿʌniʌ tumʌy* shell of stone of apricot etc.

(Cp. Sh. *toma*, fruit-stone).

thumuʃeliŋ QUB, *thomiʃeliŋ* y sg. a fire-festival celebrated at the winter solstice if it falls on Tuesday, otherwise on the preceding Tuesday. In the early hours of morning a fire is made at a public place with burning faggots brought, nominally, from every house in the village. There is then dancing round it and certain songs are chanted. Proceedings terminate with the appearance of dawn. The ceremony is supposed to commemorate the burning of Shiri Badat the cannibal king of Gilgit, and his return to life. This legend was probably originally acquired from the Shins. The Tham takes part in the celebrations at Baltit which are more elaborated. 796

The three weeks or so of mid-winter are described as the Thumuʃeliŋ season.

359 a

The barley of the preceding harvest is supposed to be first brought into use after the Thumushèling. V. 334.7. 796

aŋaro tsʊrdimo . . . tumišeling pʃu bišæčʊn on the Tuesday morning they make the T. fire. 306.17. 000

tumʃaŋ dark, darkness and dust. — *tumʃaŋ manila* it has become dark (owing to a storm).

(Cp. Kho. *tumʃaŋ*, very dark; Sh. *tumlaŋ*, very dark?).

thumuk *-*atas* to create, present, make appear. — *gose hayʊr uŋe naširbisum Xodaye tumuk etai.i* by your good fortune God has created (*or* made appear) this horse. 6.17. *ɣʊrib hirʌn bʌtʊr nikin ikʊr tumuk etimi* entering into the skin of a poor man he revealed (*or*, presented) himself. 284.22.

thumuk manaʊ to meet, come upon, light upon; make one's appearance, turn up, — *jatse thumuk manimi* he met me (on the road). *hin jat gusʌn tumuk manumo* an old woman turned up (on his way), i.e. met him. 228.13. *ise xʌrima.ate tumuk ʌmanʌm* I have come upon the Treasury. 54.8. Here given as an alternative for *fat. hin . . . hirʌn tumuk numan* a man turning up. 282.23. *hayʊrʌte nuljan . . . tumuk manimi* he appeared riding on a horse. 284.16. Cp. 282.3, 286.2. (Cp. Sh. *thomuk bolki*, to meet by chance).

tuŋ, *tʊŋ* hard, taut. IUB. H. *sʌxt*.

(Cp. Kho. *tuŋ* tight, (of string etc.), tight-full, of a box).

tund quarrelsome. — *tund hirʌn* a quarrelsome man. QUB. Prs.

tuŋp -ute x roll of cloth (muslin etc.). (Cp. Kho. *tup*). Prs.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
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344
644
712 wedged together to form a formidable protection against invaders of their day.

796
241
643 'Tis for the Festival of the Bopfau, which is the Burushaski name given to the barley-seed-sowing festival, that the Mir comes dressed in all his regal finery and robes of state to practice a ritual that has been carried on for hundreds of years by the Mirs of Hunza.

[173] It would appear this ceremony is a carry-over from that performed by the ancient Greeks and the people of Hunza like to emphasize this, as though forging another link in the chain of evidence that would tie them in as descendants of Alexander the Great.

[292] On this occasion the Mir wears a magnificent gown with a wide belt fastened around his waist, in harmony with the gold brocade that bedecks the gown. At his side he carries the ceremonial sword in a carved ivory scabbard. He makes a most imposing, handsome figure with his head crowned with a clerical cap with flowing egret feathers held in place by a large golden pin. The Mir's brother, Ayesh, and the Mir's eldest son, the heir apparent, come similarly attired.

With an assembled crowd watching, the Mir drives a plough pulled by two oxen or a yak down and back along the field and into this furrow he sprinkles seed mixed with gold dust. The ceremony is repeated three times and then the Mir throws handfuls of the seed [789] into the air. Fable has it that if anyone catches a grain of seed and takes it home and mixes it with his own seed, he will be assured of a fine harvest.

The seed-sowing ceremony is not only performed at Altit but in two other Hunzan villages so that the Hunzan farmers can come and catch a seed to insure themselves of plenty for the following year. By doing it in three different locations, it means that no Hunzan farmer will have to walk more than a few miles to partake of the Mir's blessings.

done and he turns on his television set, he is bombarded with commercials that seek to hypnotize his brain by making him believe he needs those products, when in reality he needs them like a hole in the head? Can a man know the meaning of true leisure when his head is throbbing with the bills he must meet on the morrow, the food he must buy and the clothing he must procure for his family, for which in many cases ready money is not available? Can a man who is harassed by and has pressing about him a hundred problems that must be reckoned with, find leisure or peace by escaping to the country for a weekend or by taking to drink?

Of course not! True relaxation and leisure are as far away from him as the moon!

Therefore, when I say that the people of Hunza know and enjoy the true thrill of leisure, I mean every word of it sincerely. While they rise at 3.30 or 4 o'clock in the morning, they go to bed between 7 and 8, and in the winter time even earlier, if there is no celebration or dancing in the village. They are without doubt the most industrious people that I have met—especially in the East. Laziness is positively foreign to Hunza!

Wherever I went I noticed that the Hunzans had ample time to talk and chat, and seldom did they appear to be in a hurry although whenever they walked, their walk was brisk—much more so than the average Western gait. In fact, this is one of their most recognizable and admired traits.

Lest anyone should get the impression that life in Hunza is dull, let me clearly emphasize that there is great fellowship between families and the selfsame group-gathering that we know of in our way of life is also practiced and followed by the people of Hunza. Further, religious gatherings are quite frequent and play an important role in the social life of the people.

262 meals. By September, wheat replaces the barley, and fresh grapes, carrots,
[273] and some melons are available. The grapes are either eaten fresh or made into wine; the supply of both is always exhausted by spring.

● 796 585 Tumushuling, the great winter celebration in mid-December, is a sort of delayed thanksgiving feast. December 19, the day before the Tumushuling celebration, is the day in Hunza on which all weddings are celebrated. Each bridegroom, accompanied by several of his friends, goes to the home of his betrothed and sits outside her door, which is kept partially open. Periodically, he hands in gifts of cloth, food, or perhaps even a dish or pan
[431] from Pakistan. Meanwhile, his friends give chapatties with butter, a real luxury, to any wayfarers who may pass by—a custom that encourages some travelers to take circuitous routes in order to encounter the well-to-do
[492] marriages. By evening the gifts are exhausted and the groom returns home, leading his veiled bride, who either walks or is mounted on a donkey. Tumushuling thus is a group wedding celebration as well as a harvest festival.
[643] [431] The Mir gives a small gift, usually a piece of cloth, to every bridegroom who comes to claim it.

515 583 As in most Asian cultures, Hunza marriage is civil rather than sacramental. The ceremony is really a not-too-symbolic purchase of the bride,

584 Marriages are not arranged against
586 the will of either party, and although
divorce is legally very easy for men
593 or women, it is not common. Women
are neither abused nor overworked,
and the mother is the respected chief
of the house, as the father is of the
[581] farm. Marriage does not encompass
companionship as we know it: men
[562] spend their spare time in the company
of other men, and women visit exclu-
562 sively with other women. They hold
535 their dances on separate threshing
floors a half-mile or so apart, on the
same night, and woe betide the eager
teen-age boy who dresses in his sister's
clothes and sneaks into a girls' dance.

262 At the time of the Tumushuling,
[296] and only then, Hunza families
231 butcher a sheep or two; cold weather
[251] preserves the meat for the few days
before it is all eaten—and it is virtually
all eaten. Even the long bones are
cracked to extract the last marrow.
After this taste of meat, the winter of
the dietary year sets in. Gradually the
supply of carrots and potatoes fails,
then the wheat, the barley, the dried
[148] apricots, and the tea. By springtime
the poorer folk may eat only once in
two days. No one starves to death, but
no one has enough to stop hunger.

146 The regular Hunza diet has no fats,
no animal proteins, no vitamin A, no
vitamin D, a deficiency of vitamin B,
and a serious deficiency of calcium.
Apricots contain some sugar and vita-
min C, but the poorer families are un-
245 able to raise large crops. (The size
556 of apricot orchards determines a
man's wealth and status.) Hunzas use
372 every bit of the apricot, as they do of
824 the sheep. They cut the pits from the
fruits, crack them, and remove the al-
[412] mond-like nuts. The women hand-
grind these with stone mortars, then
squeeze the meal between a hand-stone
[354] and a flat rock to express the oil. Apri-
cot oil is fuel for the saucer-shaped
lamps that illuminate their homes, as
lamps of this type have done since the
824 Bronze Age. The oil is very bitter, na-
278 turally enough, because of its high
content of prussic acid, fifty drops of
which are said to be lethal in about
[273] four hours. Men add a few drops, as
[262] bitters, to their wine, and occasion-
ally a despondent woman takes a dose
in order to commit suicide.

164 Mild cases of rickets and scurvy
146 are rampant every spring—not enough
to kill, just enough to loosen teeth,
cause aching knees, and deform ribs